



**Field Office of Senior Joint Chief
Divine Communication**

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Vladimir Putin
Russian President
c/o Russian Consulate
1333 West Loop South, Suite 1300
Houston, Texas 77027

This epistle on My laptop is titled, "Frosky Went A Courtin'" There is a Scottish folk song about a frog marrying a mouse with the rat uncle's consent and the newlyweds head off to France ending their romance. The song is, "Froggy Went A Courtin'" F-r-o-g is from f-r-o-s-k. So, on the sheer syllabic entertainment of f-r-o-s-k-y sounding so Russki how could I resist this liberty whilst turning phrase? No, My grandmother was in no way close to this clever with turn of phrase. She had a one-hundred-forty-five IQ and turned down the Los Angeles Mensa chapter membership that was offered her. She was not the type of person to turn something down trying to get a person or group to ask twice. Grandma had integrity. My granddaddy on the other hand would have pulled that cake-eater trick. He was also a damn good golfer, only a B student in economics, and I have his Rolex from thirty years at Bechtel. It has never been serviced. It is more valuable to Me as a prototype. So, I have not sent it back to Rolex to have it "serviced." I would consider buying Me a new one. I don't want Rolex stealing out of it the superior parts that have value for whatever new shit they are degrading their crown with for profit margin to keep the PGA pot-bellied.

A Cartier or perhaps Bulova I would consider before settling on buying a new Rolex. It would be the jewels and artistry of the band and watch-face that attracted Me to the piece. Putin, My suspicion is that My father was the better match for My grandmother. But time and decency did not allow their union. I have thought, this rat uncle says, "No." That does not mean that you should not have an even opportunity at wooing grandma. There are dignities she was denied in her life due to her mother's death when she was about six years old, her being the oldest of three children. Let's say, I would love for grandma to know better than she was allowed to live. My father endured similar in his upbringing. It is very likely that granddaddy anticipated Lucille

turning him down a second time, when he asked for her hand after he entered the navy. She gave her word when she refused him the first time, "Mac, how are we going to survive with you teaching school children in the South if I'm not working too?" He found an occupation that relied on his use of engineering not teaching grammar school children, and she kept her word when he asked a second time. Right, I Am like grandma. Granddaddy did indeed belong in the navy.

Dearest President Putin, I will interrupt My message to you for the asshole fucking Canales. Sir, Barbara has a female sucking her clit that she fondles in exchange, and her failure to swallow for you is just because she can get away with it. Not because it is a legitimate boundary. You, dumb ass, are just a tool. Get over her. Right, Barbara knew if you thought she struggled to swallow, gagging, you would think she was some kind of "virgin" and she manipulated you with that cake-eater trick dumb ass.

Putin, where were we? Because, fucking is not what our dialogue is about. As we of integrity know, time and decency just do not allow certain things, and that is the beginning of class. The struggle with grandma and granddaddy is grandma was the classy person holding onto the simple things and granddaddy was the qngmic builder. He wanted the elaborate things and having those was his means of having class. That did not mean grandma did not appreciate fine goods. She knew where to find finery in even simple places because she trained herself to know what the quality goods were regardless of label. Grandma put a high utility on savings, and, even though, department stores sold what she was looking for the price was too high compared to household income. Grandma and granddaddy are the north and south we are indeed talking about that have set the stage for America's conflict.

America's beating up the opposing team's supporters is a function of those who know how to hold their liqueur -- and grandma did, believe it -- going to war with those who value being able to walk down the street freely drunker than ten Indians.

I don't know what mumsy put in My bottle of "apple" juice that she served Me as an infant teaching Me how to swallow without gagging, but she sure did teach. My guess is, chicken broth, with spoiled raw egg, soy sauce, and something to add bitterness -- most likely just some Bitters. To get Me to quit nursing, so I was forced to be fed something that she had to pay for, she rubbed Bengay on her nipples, most likely. It could have been Vick's Vap-o-Rub as well to end My nursing. The key to whichever she experienced on her nipple is what the ritual meant to her as she maximised the witchcraft getting Me to refuse breast milk. What she used to teach Me to swallow a sword, as it were, so I took Dinan deep throat, I do not remember. I do not have deep throat ability any longer. I gag easily. The timing of developing scar tissue in My throat was maximised by mumsy. (I had chronic strep throat during kindergarten and first grade. That I do remember.)

These days mumsy is wandering around with a Bengay product on her. Most likely because she is hiding her own stink, BO, and trying to "prove" to CCPD I beat her. I did drink apple juice as a child. It was what she kept in the house. Grandma kept orange juice in the house, frozen, I mixed My own diluted orange drink to flavour Long Beach California's municipal water.

My grandmother enjoyed a vodka martini, neat, with a little Southern Comfort. In hind sight, when grandma stopped adding a stuffed cocktail olive pierced with lucite sabre adornment, skipping the olive all together in her martini, mumsy had finished her witchcraft against her mother. All mumsy needed was cousin Donna Shaw's betrayal and Terry Smart as an accomplice. She stopped adorning her martini shortly after her Easter Island trip.

Putin, what happened to the fortune cookie? I avoided those and Chinese restaurants until well into adulthood, and until I married Terry Smart, I did not read a fortune cookie's fortune. At one time they had that quality of optimism wrapped in ambiguity. Then the lucky numbers ended up on the back side with a web site to read another fortune. I sat at the Taiwan restaurant today near the Half-Price Books. They feature Chinese food. I ordered the B-9 on the menu with shrimp. My fortune read, "We treat this world of ours as though we had a spare in the trunk." So, I will build My fortune on that note. It is the afternoon, now, I will return home and continue writing this epistle.

Let's talk about Corpus for a moment. Corpus Christi, the fuck-hole, has some problems. It is indeed the mediocrity capital of America. Are there a few exceptions? Yes, but even these just might be in that career martyrdom phase of their life. "Oh, we had a da da da once, but it didn't make it." They were desperate to "prove" their case that an honest business does not make it. They needed to do a little something on the side, under the table, to "make it." A claim to fame and a simultaneous defeat or a prayer to traffic narcotics or launder money all in one martyr's tossing caution to the wind.

Washington knows they want this place cleaned out. How is Biden accomplishing this? Right now he has one of those phony bad-cop "ex"CIA prison escapee douche bags, who is working in tandem with a British Intelligence officer, of the same cloth, on the white envelope payroll in Baghdad manoeuvring two nuclear bombs to the Port of Corpus Christi exploiting every customs and logistics loophole. Where do two nuclear bombs need to go? One up the Potomac blowing up D.C. with the Pentagon, and one dropped on the Pelosi domicile in San Francisco.

Why Corpus Christi? It is two hours from anywhere; the prevailing breeze will do more damage to Mexico and even west Texas, which is also expendable, with even a small amount of consideration to the weather when detonation occurs; with less than a half a million dead at ground zero and the least amount of capital damage: it is the ideal zone to receive disaster minimising losses. In other words, Corpus is ideally American and expendable at the same time. Biden can solve all his administrations embarrassment over loosing Afghanistan's drugs for England.

I explained these points briefly to Steve Underbrink assuring him that his claim that Corpus needs to be concerned about nukes was valid. He was trying, presumably, to shock Me with his "sophisticated" knowledge of national security that meant My being in Corpus was unnecessary -- I contribute nothing to benefit the military, "Get a real god damned job bitch you look like a whore". Steve isn't angry that I look like a whore. He is angry that he can't afford Me so I have not even given him the option of turning Me down on his own, nor, have I given him the means to disgrace Me with his obscene mediocrity. That is everyone's fucking hate when they first brand Me as a whore. I Am not a fair price. I have three stars you mother fucker. It is you, Steve, that is an expendable maggot that never learned discipline and loves making freedom dirty! Not only that, you are a fool to think I have in any way betrayed the Joint Chiefs. The LORD does not betray people. Fuckers like you betray the LORD. What God Almighty has assured Me, repeatedly, is He is killing you, personally for your prayers against Me.

I lead combat whilst holding the front line at bayonet point you mother fuckers! And I do it without infringing on Obama's opportunity to rise from the ashes of Corpus fighting Trump's people with his own people. I Am the Marine who made warfare a good thing. So we are going to have our fight. It just so happens that I can head to the desert or jungle first. All war is now good. Making veterans by filling hospitals is bad.

When My slavery to the Watchtower Governing Body ended, the only means to save humanity and the earth was through warfare. The days of, "We look so tough so you won't take us on because you can't win" are over. It ended with Bush senior. It isn't about winning; it is about nothing to loose. The masses know, they have nothing to loose. For the one percent to hold onto anything, on this soil, they need Me doing My High Priest Holy Warfare gig. Heaven does not need that. I do not need that. Pelosi, Trump, Obama, You -Putin, king Charley even holding onto a window to toss his chamber pot out of in D.C. all need My Holy Warfare.

I will survive the nuclear blasts with My two cats and the nuclear destruction would help My situation more than pay from the Pentagon. So bring it! The nukes should not be wasted. I have made clear the two locations on America's soil that actually bring glory to Heaven with detonation. As far as My health, the effects of radiation Heaven will use to rebuild Me and restore My vanity while I clean Corpus and gather valuables from the debris as the citizenry take to the streets murdering one another in civil war.

Putin, your security teams have these two "bad-cops" accurately identified. That they have a way to "blame" Russia as the culprit is true. I do not know who, on your own team, is trying to betray Russia, nor what they have to gain in the betrayal.

I Am still working My way into the contents this letter needs to contain based on what kept Me up extemporising to the LORD last night. I actually end up giving the LORD many sermons. Imagine the LORD loosing half his estate in that rape tragedy, when Lady Wisdom sacrificed herself, then being allowed to endure alive with His surviving family that blamed Him for the loss. I will get back to the nest analogy taking apart what the clever dicks were up to in a later letter. Let's talk about human sacrifice, evolution, and the importance of a frog.

The LORD has asked Me to end this correspondence on this, last night I took over mumsy's Heavenly office as steward over Power. I proved I had no means to justify holding onto even one component of her administration, methodology, or definitions.

Mahalo,



Dr. H. L. MacRae (mac) Dukes LTG USMC

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